

The World I Once Knew

by snowingstone

Category: Harry Potter

Language: English

Characters: Hermione G., Narcissa M.

Status: Completed

Published: 2016-04-10 05:07:55

Updated: 2016-04-12 03:00:04

Packaged: 2016-04-27 20:46:58

Rating: T

Chapters: 5

Words: 11,790

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: Who would have ever guessed that Hermione's death would be the key to ending a war and not Harry's? Narcissa never would have until her present was taken over by a Dark Lord worse than Voldemort. She travels back to save a young woman that holds the key to a brighter future. Canon until DH - not an epilogue complaint possible rated M. (Narsissa and Hermione paring) I dont own HP.

1. Chapter 1

Hey guys,

I found an odd little niche in the Harry Potter world and I am thoroughly enjoying the following regarding Hermione and Narcissa. I can see the creative scenes that can be brought about with time travel, or incidents where they first meet, or just pulled together by sheer attraction. I like the two together and I'm not sure why. Maybe it's the stuck up witch (pun intended) meets the down to earth girl. Either way it makes an interesting read. I also hate the Hermione Ron parring. Honestly I'm and a Harry Hermione shipper all the way, but these two women are very interesting.

So please bear with me for I'm writing each chapter as a standalone but this with totally me a multi chapter story. It's very busy for me this time of year but I wanted to give this pairing a shot. I hope you don't want to kill me too much after this.

Thanks,

Snow

Picture found art/Narcissa-Hermione-United-297786053

"I don't know why you wish to do this Narcissa," droned on an irritated and nasally voice. Narcissa would not let the man known as the "Bat" by her son and most of the student populace get to close to

the reasons for her involvement in the horcrux hunt. All she ever told the man was sides can be changed, ideals can be changed, but hearts cannot. Severus Snape never liked the wisp of a woman before him. She was too mysterious, and had been for far too many years, even when they were in Hogwarts together. She was ever the poster child of a Black. Arrogant, poised, mysterious, cunning, and Pure-blood. When she came to him with the sword and told him where he can find the trio of children he was thrown. He threatened to report her to the Dark Lord, but she waved her hand and fired back as she knew of her involvement.

They both stood there in the glen with warming charms on their clothes and notice-me not spells concealing them when they watched the idiot Potter boy follow Severus's patronus to the frozen pond then jump in. Snape looked to Narcissa as she heard a crunching in the snow as the dunderhead Weasley tromped out of the clearing to assist his comrade. Nothing, there was nothing in her eyes, nothing to give Snape a clue as to why she was here, at this time, helping him.

Both wizard and witch watched at the idiot boys, chilled to the bone, and close to hypothermia walked back to their camp with the sword and the locket. Then they vanished. Narcissa and Snape looked at each other.

"Clever," whispered Snape and only saw a slight nod from the witch next to him. Then out of nowhere the red head came stumbling out of thin air and landed unceremoniously on his butt with a wand in his face.

"You dare to show your face back here when you deserted us? You left us high and dry for a warm bed and a meal? How could you?" Hermione Granger was red with rage as she kicked the Ron in the legs. She only began to calm when she heard his apologies, and a big light from his heart led to them bull shit. Narcissa knew the girls quite well in fact and it wasn't the acceptance of a boy who stole her heart with those pretty words. It was because they needed him and three were better than two. Narcissa let a small breath go that she never realized she held. Severus noticed, and with this realization he held over her she commented.

"She is too thin, pale. They are just children" Narcissa commented lowly.

"How do you know Granger?" Snape asked softly. Narcissa looked at him and then saw trust there, something she never would have thought she would have from him. She turned back to the scolding girl and watched her, and knew she could not hide the glimmer in her eyes.

"She saved my son's life," Narcissa looked back to Snape, "It is her death that is the tipping point in this war, not Potter's. Remember that," with that she dismissed the man and watched the young woman before her, and for the first time in many years, she smiled. Then as memories bombarded her thoughts a grim look masked her beautiful features. Snape stayed by Narcissa's side as Ron destroyed the horcrux. Then Snape apparated back to Hogwarts and back to his duties. Without the man hovering she watched as the trio went in and out of the concealment charm. She found her memories once more clouded by the future she came from.

Flashback

It was in a quaint restaurant in London near the ministry where she decided to dine for lunch after another hearing in the trial of the death eaters. She was looking over the tables, and saw brown eyes. Narcissa hated clichés but where she saw those brown eyes she turned toward them, walked to the table as asked if she may join the girl. The girl complied, albeit reluctantly. The waiter came and she ordered a glass of water and sandwich. She knew the girl but she was never to be rude.

"_I am Narcissa Malfoy Black, it is a pleasure to meet you," Narcissa held out her hand and the brunette took it but remained silent. She had to admit that the hard look the girl gave her made it difficult to make small talk. There was something about the girl but she came over to her for a reason._

"_I know who you are, Miss Granger, and I wanted to thank you," Narcissa stated. The girl's right eye brow lurched up into her hairline in question._

"_My son speaks of the night you Potter, and Weasley saved his life. I am forever grateful," Narcissa said and then went to find another table but a hand rest on her arm stilling her movements. She looked down at Hermione and stayed in her seat. She could see now that this was no longer a girl but a war ravaged young woman. Her eyes spoke of horrors she could not speak of, and a lump in Narcissa throat formed when she was present for one of those horrors as her sister tortured this brave woman on her manor floor._

"_I know you are different than them. I am just surprised," then the brown eyed woman smiled, "you were not what I was expecting today," she placed a book mark in her book, "please stay. You seem like you need to talk."_

_It was the first of many conversations. It was every Tuesday and Thursday that they would meet for lunch and talk of their lives, and become fast friends. _

_It was on a Thursday that the ministry was bombed, and she shoved Narcissa out of the way as another explosion occurred and killed the girl. She never knew why, but she found herself holding the bleeding corpse of the young girl to her chest as if she were the beginning and end to her life. _

It was one month later when a new dark lord came from the shadows of the ministry and consumed all of Britain. A war brewed all because of the death of this beautiful young woman. Narcissa was approached by the old Order to become a member, and it was her conversation with Professor McGonagall that inspired her to go back. Go back to expedite the resolution of the second war, and turn in EVERY Death Eater she could. But most of all it was to make sure she survived, and Dark Lord Potter never came to be.

End of flash back

Narcissa watched the trio of warriors grasp each other and then with a pop disappear to another location. Narcissa took a deep breath and anxiety curled in her gut. She knew where their next location would be, and she knew where that would eventually take them in a few days.

She took a breath and closed her eyes and would a shell shack on the coast of a serene sea. She needed reinforcements before she went to Malfoy manor to prevent the one thing she wished she could have changed. The timeline be damned.

2. Chapter 2

Hello All,

I would like to say I am my own stalker and I saw a lot of hit to the story. I'm delighted some of the people in the Harry Potter fandom gave the story a look. I was quite surprised I was able to churn out another chapter so quickly. Now Guys, don't get spoiled by the quick chapters. Due to my track record with postings that probably won't last. The subject of Snape had littered my thoughts, and I realized I made him slightly OC. I hope you are all alright with that.

I realized last night that writing Narcissa is one of the most fun characters to play around with. She had such a minimal role in the movies and books, but her actions could be felt far and wide. I could basically write Narcissa anyway I want and she would not be out of character. This is what I kept in mind while writing her: Powerful Dark Slytherin Witch with a sense of morality. While reading the books or watching the movies her devotion is only to those she loves with her whole heart. She would do anything to keep them safe and sound. This is the Narcissa Malfoy Black I want to portray. She is not in a realm of light and dark, but in an area of varying different shades of grey.

I hope you all enjoy this new chapter and I thank you for your support.

~Snow

* * *

><p>She was happy she took Hermione's idea of an expandable bag when she packed for this trip to the past. She had raided Hermione's home in search of anything that she can use to convince the others of her allegiance to the young woman. She had books and notes that she read, from the girl about the adventure to be ahead of them as well as her diary. She charmed the bag so that only she could open it. Before she left the clearing she took out a new set of clothes, and scourgified the dirty ones then shoved them in her bag. She found she had been wearing a lot of grey lately and black and midnight or indigo blues. A part of her knew why. She was in mourning for her friend. She took this mission because she wanted change, she wanted her friend back, and she found her days under the regime of Potter far worse than that of the Dark Lord. He got away with everything. He forced himself to be minister and made every illicit act, and many non-illicit one, a law. He had absolute control. Looking for Hermione's killers had made him into a mad man. She later found that it was a love unrequited. The Potter boy married the Weasley girl because he could not have the girl he always wanted, Hermione. Narcissa was quite shocked when Hermione told her that both boys were nothing more than brothers to her. She never asked why but Narcissa had her suspicions when she, Hermione, Draco, and Astoria had lunch and talked about their upcoming marriage and patterns, locations, and complementary colors. The young woman didn't seem interested and from time to time she

found her brown eyes gazing into her blue. She never thought of it when Hermione would reach out for her hand or playfully smack her arm as she laughed aloud at Narcissa's antics in school, and Draco's cute moments as he grew up. To Narcissa Hermione Granger seemed older and then younger than her years. Almost as if she was a woman out of time.<p>

Narcissa shook her head of those thoughts unsure of too many things but sure of one thing, Hermione Granger was the most important person in her life next her son. She knew the reason she took this mission was her desperation to save the only truly good thing to happen to her in a very long time. Now dressed in a pair of black boots, black pants, black turtle neck shirt, and a grey pea coat with a hood she can charm to hide her face, she apparated to a little shack on a beach. Once she got there she saw nothing, no shack, no signs of life, just the ocean calmly surging to and from the shore. She reached into her bag and took out her book and looked for the large dune of sand on the beach where they buried Dobby, and then 100 meters north was the house. She looked up and then there was nothing. She walked toward the location of the house slowly and cautiously. When she came to close she was detoured. She smiled and crossed her arms and stood on the beach and waited. It was some time but eventually Severus began to walk down the beach followed by Bill Weasley and Fleur De Lacour Weasley. Apparently Bill called in the Cavalry. Narcissa stood and pulled the hood back on her coat to make sure they knew exactly who she was and she was sure Severus had filled Bill in an anomaly in the time continuum and she was to help.

"Good evening Severus, Mr. and Mrs Weasley. I think we must be getting inside I require assistance," Narcissa looked at her watch and grimaced, "in the next 4 hours." Narcissa looked the group, her pure-blood upbringing shone as she directed and ordered in the way of a politician or diplomat, always forceful, but never with force, with that you can get what you desire. Bill sighed and Narcissa tossed him an object. He fumbled it in his hand and then Bill looked up. He knew exactly what it was, he was there at the will reading when Harry got it. It was the first snitch Harry had caught and was given to him by the minister. The boy kept it with him always, and Bill knew now in his heart that she was not a threat.

Once in the cottage Fleur busied herself and made tea while Severus and Bill sat down. Narcissa refused to sit as she didn't feel she was exactly welcomed. Time was of essence and she glanced at her watch again and knew that Harry, Hermione, and Ron were in a clearing about to get caught by the snatchers. She would have loved nothing more than to go back to that moment but there were people in her dungeon who needed rescuing too.

"First, Mrs. Malfoy, I would like to tell you we are very surprised by your shift to our side, to the light," Bill couldn't get another word out as Narcissa narrowed her eyes and stepped forward from the shadows and glared at him with ice in her blue eyes.

"I am not on a side. My allegiance is only to Hermione Granger. She is my mission," Narcissa spoke coldly as she set the Wesley straight.

"Alright then why should we help you?" Fleur asked as she set down cups.

"I don't particularly care about a time line so I'll just come out and say it. When Hermione dies a new Dark Lord is born. We must keep her alive," Narcissa said as she finally sat down and took the offered tea from Fleur.

"Again, Mrs. Malfoy, why should we help you? You are a self-proclaimed dark witch, wouldn't that future be more in line with your ideals," asked Fleur. Narcissa sat back and eyed the young witch and had to admit she married down. She was smart, charismatic, and used her veela powers to get what she wanted and in this instance it was information. Narcissa knew of this by reading Hermione's diary about Fleur, but it was still a matter of worth. And Fleur was worth something much more than a bumbling dunderhead of a Weasley, no finesse.

"It isn't a great future when the Dark Lord in power hates light and dark witches and wizards with the same intensity, just to find the killers of a dead girl," Narcissa leveled the group with that information, "Now can I get some help or am I going to have to turn in this little hovel as a light wizard safe house?"

"So you will get the people in the dungeon, free Potter and Weasley and if there is anything in the way crush it," Narcissa instructed the freed house elf.

"Bu-bu- but Dobby does want to crush or kill anyone," Dobby said squeakily. Narcissa had to press her fingers to the bridge of her nose and squeeze away the impending headache. She only had an hour and she needed to get into the manor so she can call on him for back up.

"Dobby, I am not asking you to kill them, but if anything gets in the way of you saving Harry Potter and his friends what would you do?" asked Narcissa softly as she placed a hand on the house elf's shoulder. She would have never done that 10 years ago but she needed this little creature and in the far recesses of her heart she was growing to like him for his devotion. She just hoped she could save him too now. She would hate for a valuable resource such as him to die.

"Dobby knows Malfoy Manor better than anyone, and I will not let Harry Potter down! I will save Harry Potter and his friends!" he exclaimed with determination and grit in his eyes. Narcissa looked down and smiled at the house elf and nodded. It was all that was needed.

Narcissa Malfoy stood in front of Malfoy manor and before she waved her arm to open the gate she placed a notice-me-â€"not spell over her, and charmed her hood to draw the shadows around her and conceal her face. As long as she kept that hood on she would be concealed and she would go unnoticed even if her notice-me-not spell failed they would never see her face.

With a wave of her arm and a silencing charm on her feet she walked toward her home. She smirked when she realized Lucius was a moron and she got everything, her money and his, when he crossed the wrong death eater in Knockturn Alley and was cursed for his efforts. To this day she doesn't know what the altercation was about but he died, Draco was now Lord Malfoy, and they prospered out from underneath his

dark shadow. She cast another spell on the doors as she opened and closed them. She forgot how dark it was when she lived under the iron rule of Voldemort. She walked to the large room where she heard her sister shriek and cackle and to this day it sent shivers down her spine. Then she heard a scream. It was her. She poked Dobby's name under her breath and lingered in the shadows. The Cruciatus curse caused her young friend to contort and spasm. She waited for the sign from Dobby, and she silently grit her teeth praying for the little elf to hurry up. Then her sister threw the girl down and she watched her other self. She watched her other self-watch but the eyes, she hated it but she had to. She had to watch or be punished. She hated the torture of children. Adults, people who deserved it, old grumpy men, or even drunk husbands who hit their wives, but never children. Narcissa watched Bellatrix play with the girl like a panther would play with their food. She looked to the tunnel and then watched for any sign of life. Then a tiny pop was heard. Narcissa watched as her younger self saw the tiny creature throw out his hand and threw Bellatrix off the girl but the dark witch was too much, Narcissa disarmed her sister as she ran forward slid on her legs as if she was a muggle baseball player stealing home base and when she got to Hermione she apparated to the Cottage.

There on the beach she looked the girl over and raised her friend's sleeves and sighed with relief that Bellatrix wasn't able to scar the young girl with her status. She was about to pop back to the manor to help the little elf when she heard the sound of the elf and his cargo hit the beach. She looked up and saw the boys and then Bill and Fleur ran toward them. Harry and Ron kept asking about Hermione and where she was but she wasn't able to give the girl up yet.

Something in her exploded when she was able to wrap her arms around the girl. She felt eyes open and a weak hand raise to push the hood back from her face but Narcissa caught it. One of the last faces she saw was hers as her sister, her blood, tortured her. She could never begin to cope with that.

"Who are you?" Gritted Hermione between spasms of pain. Narcissa wished in that moment she could tell her, tell her she was happy she helped her friend escape a fate that was meant to be far worse and haunt her for years to come, but she just held Hermione's hand away from her hood. She shook it and said nothing. Hermione lost consciousness, as she Narcissa placed the girl's hand down to Hermione's stomach. Narcissa stood and levitated the girl to the shack where she would regain her strength and fight the rest of the war.

When Fleur walked down from the second story in the wee hours of the night she saw Narcissa staring into the embers of a slowly dying fire. When Fleur tossed one more log on the fire she murmured Incendio and the fire roared to life once more. When she sat with a cup of tea she studied the older woman. Then Narcissa slid her blue eyes to Fleur's and then back to the fire.

"You must really care for her," Fleur whispered into the space between them.

"Yes," Narcissa confirmed without hesitation. She didn't know how much she cared for her but she did. She needed to get back to her own time. But she was unsure of when that was.

The veela left the brooding woman in peace as she contemplated her next move. The next morning when the inhabitants of the cottage woke and stirred, then made their way to the kitchen, it was a stiff Hermione that found the letter.

What you seek next will be found in Bellatrix Lastrange's vault. Seek the help of the goblin, and give him what he asks.

A Friend

Hermione sat as tea brewed. Was this the friend with no face that saved her from Malfoy Manor? Who was that? Why would they not let her see their face? Hermione shook her head, too many questions. She snapped out of it as she heard Harry and Ron tromp down stairs at a loss for where they needed to go next. It was a tired, but smiling Hermione that waved a slip of paper in the air before them.

* * *

><p>Authors Post Note:<p>

I just couldn't kill the little house elf. I cried when I saw it in the movie and I love the little dude. Like Narcissa stated just above, I would hate for a valuable resource such as him to die. Dont kill me for this. Its fan fiction for a reason.

Thanks for reading.

Snow

3. Chapter 3

Well My Friends,

It seems the story is flowing. So you can have another chapter. Now I have no idea where the story is going but I do know it should be ending in the next two chaptersâ€|Maybe. We are here on the evening of the Gringotts Heist after our resident Ice Queen is displaying cracks in her icy mask. Remember her best friend was Hermione before she went back, and the girl isn't much older than she is now, only by a few years. I am still unsure if I want a sexual relationship for these two as my first Narcissa/Hermione story, but if it happens it happens.

Please enjoy the story. I am sorry if they women in this chapter are acting strange but remember Hermione, however paranoid, likes to give people chances. If Hermione never took a chance in the first place we wouldn't have a story now would be?

Thanks for reading,

~snow

* * *

><p>It will only be a matter of time thought the woman as she sat in a very comfortable arm chair on the shore of a very dark lake on a very chilly and cloudy day in northern England sipping a spectacular blend from Ceylon. She loved the smoothness of the blend

as this particular brew had notes of vanilla and mocha. She, Draco, and Hermione would drink this brew as they waited for Astoria in the little bistro on Thursdays. Narcissa had to smile at the interactions between her son and her young friend. They bickered like children one moment and then shared a solemn silence as memories flooded. It was Draco who relived the moments in that little café from his point of view of a room of requirement in flames. He looked up and planted Hermione with a gaze as he thanked her for being the intelligent one in the group to find a way to get him from the blazing inferno. Narcissa sipped her tea just as she did now and watched the young woman before her. Then reached out her hand and grasped the girls in thanks. She had her son because of her and Potter.

Narcissa pulled her thoughts from the warmth of Hermione's hand and back to the overcast sky. She was happy she cast warming charms on her clothes as she sat in the damp chill waiting. She looked around and made sure everything would be fine for the arrival of the trio. She had a tent erected, a fire already going in a heater, and food warming in a small oven. She knew according to Hermione's diary that it would take approximately one day to reach the lake on the back of the dragon. She hoped that the children stuck to their original plans of escape. Reading Hermione's detailed account of the incidents she was sure there was no other way to leave Gringotts.

Now it was all up to the blasted beast to fly in the right direction thought the woman as she sipped her tea. She began to get anxious when she stood to collect her used tea and stoke the fire and warm the tent. When she walked back outside she heard it, a screeching caw much like a hawk but larger. She lifted Draco's quidditch eye pieces up and looked through the scanning the sky. Down coming from the south was a speck, and as Narcissa zoomed in she saw a dragon and three figures. Narcissa made her preparations, and charmed her coat hood to conceal her features just as the night her infiltrated Malfoy Manor. She watched and the saw three specs fall and then splash into the lake. She put her eye pieces down, gathered her bag, put all of Hermione's things in the satchel and popped over to the shore line where they should be swimming to.

She saw the three warriors swim and trudge to the shore line and then saw Harry Potter convulse and knew it was the vision Hermione spoke of when Harry let the Dark Lord into his mind. Hermione had a hand on her friends back and shoulder and then looked around as if looking for a strategic vantage point for cover. That was when Narcissa sucked in a breath as Hermione's eyes landed on her shape. She raised her arm and pointed toward her camp. Hermione's eyes followed the direction and then nodded to her. She tugged Harry and Ron into the direction of her camp and when the boys questioned her hospitality Hermione rebuked their paranoia.

She went inside without a word and stood behind a partition and stripped her wet clothes and hung them to dry. By the time Hermione was finished changing her clothes she pulled out a tattered but warm coat and slipped it on while she lifted her hands to warm them by the stove. Narcissa could see into the tent from the distance she was at with the eye pieces as she sat on a rocky jet of land that plunged in to the lake. Narcissa then pulled out a note she had written earlier and folded it into an airplane and sent it to the girl similar in the way the people in the ministry sent memos. Narcissa popped to the other side of the lake and waited.

Narcissa didn't have to wait long as she heard the distinct sound of a person disappearing near her. She had a small camp fire with a concealment charm on it so the boys on the other end of the lake would notice, two chairs, and a smaller tent made for one and none of the accessories of the tent on the far side of the lake. Narcissa watched the young woman walk closer looking around and then jump as she turned around and could suddenly see the small camp. The woman indicated toward a seat for Hermione as she looked tense. Hermione moved slightly and then she noticed her wand grasped in her hand.

"You wont need that little one. I wont harm you," Narcissa softly spoke as if she was soothing a wild animal and coaxing it to her. Hermione stood but walked closer to the fire.

"You are the one who helped us escape Malfoy Manor, aren't you?" Hermione inquired trying to put the pieces together. Narcissa nodded. The shadows of the hood still hid her face.

"Please sit, we have much to discuss," Narcissa urged the young woman yet again. Narcissa bit her lip as she watched Hermione lick her lips as Narcissa offered her tea and sandwiches.

"How can I trust a person who hides their face? How do I know you are not a death eater out to snatch me and take me back so Bellatrix can finish what she started?" Hermione interrogated and it was then the Narcissa stood and walked slowly to the waters edge. She threw her wand to Hermione and the girl caught it and looked at her speculating then finally sat down in the offered chair.

"I will reveal who I am when I know you wont kill me," Laughed Narcissa as she watched the girl, "Do I have your word you will trust me and listen?" Hermione nodded and then nodded to Hermione and the girl seemed to know exactly what to do and pointed her wand to Narcissa. Finite Incantatem rang between them as Narcissa pushed back the hood from her face. Hermione gasped and brought her wand up and tightened her grip. Narcissa smirked. She knew her Hermione well and she was always on her guard, even to the day she died. She always sensed a bit of unshed paranoia from the girl. Narcissa opened her coat slowly watching the young woman before her. Then she gazed into brown eyes and bore into her soul as she opened yet another layer of clothing. Her noticed Hermione's breathing hitch and she looked away, blushing. Narcissa smiled as she reached in to her black shirt and pulled out the item that Hermione was intimately familiar with. Narcissa cleared her throat and Hermione looked at her as she began to sit down. Then Hermione noticed the chain and the device attached to it. Realization hit.

"How long, wait you cant tell me that. YOU CANT TELL ME THAT! What the hell are you thinking revealing yourself to me? What of the time line?' Hermione raged as she lectured Narcissa on the ramifications her actions would have on the future. Narcissa let the girl rant as she sipped her tea and watched the flames and wore Hermione's voice like a warm blanket. Narcissa smiled as far away thoughts surfaced and she remembered the girl lecturing her about something or another in the future. Honestly she forgot what it was about but they were so comfortable with each other that they could argue, and rant, and rave, but then as if a switch where hit they would look into the others eyes and instantly find everything fine. It was with that last thought Narcissa looked to Hermione. She pierced her brown eyes with

her own and it was then that she felt the stirring of her love for this young woman, just as she had 3 years from now.

"Are you finished?" Narcissa asked as she lightly placed her tea cup on the small table she conjured earlier. She looked to Hermione and then away with a smile, "and as for the rules of time travelâ€¦ I'm a dark witch dear, I don't much care for rules." Narcissa smiled and so did Hermione and then the girl began to relax. Hermione gave Narcissa back her wand but she still held hers in her hand, not yet willing to let things fully settle.

"How long?" asked Hermione nervously as she studied the woman. Narcissa knew she was unsettled and anxious. She stood and cast a notice-me-not spell and a silencing spell on their surroundings. Hermione watched as the older woman rose and then held out her hand to the young girl. Hermione raised her right eyebrow just as she had that first day Narcissa asked if she could sit with her in the small restaurant. Hermione grasped it and then they walked. Narcissa collected her thoughts.

"It is three years from now when I come back to you," Narcissa whispered as she looked out over the dark lake.

"Why, what happens?" Hermione asked, "I'm not important enough. Sure Harry, Ron and I are on a mission but we don't even know if we will survive it. Harry is the important one. He is the boy who lived."

"And he is the only one to take down the Dark Lord, he has a horcrux in his mind, and only He or the Dark Lord can defeat each other. Yes, I know, Hermione. Believe me I know." Narcissa found this more difficult than she thought it would be. Her chest clenched, and her breathing became ragged. Hermione reached out to the other woman as she noticed the abrupt change in the usually composed and icy woman.

"You die, Hermione," whispered Narcissa and as she looked out over that dark placid lake she felt her body gain control, but felt the cold chill of her chiseled cheeks as tears flowed from her blue eyes. She felt a hand on her arm tentatively trying to comfort her. "Your death triggers something catastrophic, the rise of a new dark lord worse than the one we are at war with now." Narcissa then looks to Hermione as the brightest witch of her age puts it all together.

"Harry," she gasped as she threw a hand to her lips stifling yet another gasp. She swallows as the future dawns on her. They succeed, they live, but she will die, and her best friend, her brother becomes what he hates the most, all because of her. She can't let his future fall into that abyss.

"I will figure something out. I know Harry better than anyone else. I won't let him fall," Hermione vowed as she looked out over the water. Narcissa felt her job was nearly complete then the girl spoke.

"We seem like very different people. How do our lives intertwine? Please tell me I don't marry Draco," joked Hermione which brought a real smile to Narcissa's lips and Hermione's smile faltered as she saw the beauty of the woman before her. She never noticed it before but Narcissa Malfoy was gorgeous.

"You and Draco never become more than bickering friends, thank Merlin," Narcissa smiled then noticed Hermione stopped smiling. "No, don't get me wrong little witch, I harbor no judgments what Lucius did regarding blood status. It has nothing to do with prejudices."

"Then tell me why you came back for me and not my friends," Hermione inquired. Narcissa never thanked herself more for her pureblood upbringing than she did at that moment. Her in the dark, gazing at a serene lake she wished her life with Hermione was different. She let some of her pure blood stuffiness slip and she turned to the girl and flitted her hand and shoved her sleeves back over her forearms exposing them to the air. She caressed soft, unblemished skin and let one tear slip past her eye lashes. When she went to retreat, and compose herself, she felt a thumb brush away her tears.

"I must mean a great deal to you to come back to this time, and brave a war you didn't believe in," Hermione whispered. Narcissa looked down into Hermione's brown eyes and squeezed her hand then patted it. She slipped her icy mask back on over her high cheekbones as they walked back to the fire. Back to business.

"You have the cup?" Narcissa asked as they reached the fire. Hermione nodded. "Good, you will need to head to Hogwarts, there you will destroy the cup, and you need to find Rowena Ravenclaw's lost diadem." Narcissa reached for the book and Hermione immediately recognized it as her diary. She reached for it but the older witch obtained it first.

"Ah, Ah, Ah you can't be seeing into your own future," Teased Narcissa with a glint to her eyes and a smirk to her lips.

"But those are my thoughts, my private thoughts, my feelings, my life. What gives you the right to go through my things? What are we lovers?" asked Hermione as she kept reaching for the diary then noticed how close she came into the slightly taller witches space and how close to her lips she had become. Narcissa inhaled and it was the scent of Hermione's skin and made the ice woman, gaze into her eyes and capture those brown ones. Again, the time line be damned.

"Unfortunate circumstance had risen before you could use your Gryffindor courage, or I my Slytherin cunning to advance the possibilities of altering the parameters of our relationship," Hermione backed away.

"I really did trust you didn't I?"

"Next to my son you had become the most important person in my life," Narcissa confessed softly realizing she had altered time too much, altered the possibilities. Narcissa backed away and held the book before her.

"The Dark Lord is already mobilizing his army because he now knows of your escape from Gringotts," she read further, "You get into the castle by visiting Dumbledore's brother in Hogsmeade. You will find the diadem in the room of requirement, and to destroy the cup and the tiara you need a basilisk fang. Those are the only events that take place I can guide you through. Harry must face his enemy alone, there will come a time when you need to let him go. You must. Other than

what I explained to you that is all I can offer. That is all you wrote about," Narcissa stopped and then began cleaning her campsite, "Leave the camp as you got it. It will take me no time at all to pack."

Narcissa walked around the campground and spouted facts and instructions in a blur. Hermione had never thought of loving another woman before. That made a lot of sense now in regards to her always wanting to bolt when she was touched too familiarly by Ron, or that leech last year, Cormac McLaggan. She watched the cool grace of Narcissa Malfoy as she stood and looked out over the water toward the other camp.

"Mrs. Malfoy," Hermione began but was halted by a silencing hand.

"I detest that name. It has brought so much pain. I am Narcissa Black. Before things went badly Harry recognized Draco and I as Blacks after Lucius died. But you I would very much like if you called me Narcissa," Narcissa supplied.

"Narcissa," Hermione rolled the name around in her mouth and on her tongue. She liked the way it rolled and slipped upon her lips, "Do I love you in the future?" Hermione asked shyly.

Narcissa turned her gaze toward the girl, placed a warm palm on Hermione's chilled cheek.

"My dear, that is something I cannot answer for you," Narcissa was about to be interrupted, "Time line is already damned Hermione. I meant you know your heart and only you can answer that question. That this moment in my time line. No, you despised me, hated me until later."

Before Hermione could inquire more she took her warm hand away from Hermione's cheek and slipped her cold icy mask on her features yet again for the 4th time that evening. She bid the girl farewell, and watched as activity blurred on the other side of the lake. She saw shapes move and knew it was the boys.

She pulled her eyes away from the light across her and she went in search other the token Severus gave her. She packed up her things and then went into the tent and slept. When she woke the next morning she popped over to the abandoned camp and began to pack. There on the luxurious chair was a note written in neat handwriting.

Thanks

Signed

_Ron, Harry, and Hermione _

Narcissa smiled as she stowed away her campsite and pulled out an empty potions vial and uncorked the top. She spun and swirled and then dropped into Severus's bed chambers. She sighed and sat in the chair in the corner looking out the window to a dark, and dreary Hogwarts. Tonight. Tonight it will be all over.

Hello Everyone,

I just wanted to thank you all who have supported the story. I will admit some of the reviews made me laugh and it warmed my heart to have such a positive response. I would like to discuss something though. I have never written a Narcissa and Hermione story so I hope you are all OK with keeping the rating T. There something about the way i have written these two women that has made me want to keep their relationship delicate, beautiful, and some what private. Here is the beginning of the end and I hope you are all enjoying the story. One more chapter to go.

Thanks,

Snow

* * *

><p>Narcissa lit a fire and candles so she could read more of Hermione's diary. So far she hadn't missed anything. The trio should be arriving in Hogmeadeâ€| The howl and screeched of the alarm system in the village sounded and she looked at the book. Oh dear, she thought. The diary didn't say they set off every alarm in the world. Narcissa knew they made it. If they didn't she wouldn't be here. The time line would have been changed. She felt the pit of her stomach begin to clench as she read.

"Oh shit," whispered the prim and proper pure blood. The snake, she didn't know about the snake. She read further as the pit in her stomach opened further as she read more. She knew Severus died but she didn't know the details. She thumbed ahead where would they rest? Can she get them an Owl? Noâ€| Noâ€| No. She shoved the book in her bag and then made a split decision. She walked down the stairs to the headmasters office. She looked around relieved. She looked for anything to make her invisibleâ€| Oh hell, why not. She took a set of Hogwarts robes, she snorted Hufflepuff, and then threw them on over her clothes and made a glamor on her features. By the time she filed into the Great Hall she looked like a VERY mature seventh year with auburn hair.

She stood there and waited, she knew they made it to the castle, she read about this in Hermione's diary. Harry makes himself known. As she waits in a sea of yellow badgers, she watches Severus lord his power over the school like a tyrant when she knew he was a wonderfully warm and selfless man. Narcissa had to admit he cultivated the role of the careless, soulless, tormentor quite well. Of course she knew differently because of his protection of Draco. She tried to look around for her dragon but he was not visible. He was supposed to be here back from Easter break. When Severus spoke she knew now the time frame she had and waited for Hermione, Harry and Ron to make themselves known. When Harry stepped out from the crowd her breathing hitched. Severus the git, pointed his wand at Hermione.

She leapt from the crowd as Minerva battled Severus and made him flee. She turned from him and spoke to Potter. Narcissa grasped Hermione's hand and Hermione jerked it away. Narcissa sighed.

"Evil Harry back from the future. We have no time little witch," I

jabbered on.

"Narcissa what are you doing?" Hermione was silenced.

"The final horcrux was.." Narcissa was silenced

"The snake we know. Harry had a connection and saw it?"

"But do you know where the snake will be and when?" Narcissa countered. Hermione's eyes grew wide as she thought of the possibilities. She lunged out and hugged the woman and almost felt her glamor slip in shock. She then turned.

"Harry, Ron go find the Diadem, I'll get the fangs and meet you back in the main hall. Harry once we get those fangs be ready to move fast."

"Who's going with you?" shouted Ron over the crowd.

"I'm taking my friend Mary," Hermione shouted. Ron nodded and went with Harry as Hermione and Narcissa went to the opening of the Chamber of Secrets. They ran through the halls and when they came to the faucets at girls bathroom. Hermione stood hissing and hacking from her throat as she had heard Harry do. Narcissa finally let her glamor fall. The older woman looked at the younger woman and raised an eyebrow.

"What? I am trying parseltongue. I heard Harry do it as he talks in his sleep. The only way to open the chamber is to speak in parseltongue," Hermione rambled on. Narcissa put a hand on the young girl's arm as she began to look towards the ground. Then she smiled warmly at the girl and then in a clear hiss and hash. The entry way opened. Hermione looked at the woman.

"You are a parseltongue?!" Hermione questioned. Narcissa smiled even warmer this time as she called Lumos and the tip of her wand lit as they descended. She reached out her hand and was relieved the young woman took her offered hand.

"No dear, but one does learn to mimic the sounds when they live with the Dark Lord for a year," Narcissa offered then she went quiet. She was hit with the memories of the tortured, and the eaten by that blasted snake, and then the face of the girl next to her on her manor floor.

"Narcissa?" Hermione asked as they reached the bottom of the steps reaching the. Narcissa felt the hand grip hers and she focused at the moment and then the pressure and warmth of the hand was gone.

"I am sorry. I was thinking," Narcissa said as she touched Hermione's arm, where her scar would have been. Hermione noticed it was a spot that the older woman came to continuously in each other's presence.

"I can see that but what about?" Hermione said as she led Narcissa deeper into the tunnel at a quick pace. Narcissa was slightly at a loss as to what she should say. She knew her feelings for the girl had gone farther than that of a platonic friendship. After last night's half confession she knew Hermione might not be opposed to that, but what about the timeline. Will the girl know when she became

the Narcissa she was now other than the dark witch standing next to a dark lord as he hammered away at the wards of Hogwarts intent on doing anything to save her son? They came to the vault door to the chamber and Hermione stood to the side and then as Narcissa meant to use parseltongue on the door she was stopped.

"Answer me first Miss Black," Hermione said.

"We do not have time for this Hermione," Narcissa said as she took another deep breath.

"You love me don't you?" Hermione sprang her question on the woman and it was as if she got punched in the gut and the air flew from her lungs. She spun around and saw the twinkle in the girl's eye. Once again she was older and then younger than her age, a woman out of time.

"We don'tâ€¦" Narcissa began coldly trying to save face, keep her dignity.

"Youâ€¦ Loveâ€¦ Meâ€¦ don't you?" pressed Hermione as she watched the older woman. Narcissa held her shoulders back, stared straight ahead, and hissed, and hashed at the door. She stepped forward with her wand drawn unsure of what to expect, she didn't expect the stench. She gagged as Hermione bent at the waist. She formed two bubble head charms. Then she swiftly walked forward into the chamber. She saw the skeleton and then gingerly, slowly and gently pulled a few teeth from the exposed jaw bones of the basilisk. She felt Hermione behind her shuffling and watching making sure nothing happened. When Narcissa stowed half in her bag and gave the other half to Hermione she looked at Hermione. And gave her one fang she kept at hand.

"You can do it," Narcissa held the fang for her and Hermione took it. Narcissa watched as Hermione drove the fang in to the cup and a howl echoed in the chamber and then water began to rise. Narcissa grabbed Hermione and pulled her to her feet as a surge of water sped at them in a wave Narcissa looked back once and could have sworn her saw the face of the Dark Lord in the foam of the stale water. The wave rushed at them and was about to engulf them and then Narcissa grabbed Hermione and she knelt and covered the young woman's body with her own. After a moment the rush of water and the screaming subsided. She stood with Hermione and looked around drenched and covered in gross stale smelly water. Their bubble head charms popped somehow and could take in the stagnant air around them. It seemed the surf in the room washed the worst of the smell away. Narcissa turned toward Hermione as Hermione turned toward her as Hermione threw her arms around Narcissa's neck. Narcissa placed small kisses on top of her head and around her face, and across her cheeks. She didn't know what to expect. She never destroyed a horcrux before and the last one she witnessed just blasted outward. There was never killer witch seeking water ready to take you to your doom after you. She pulled away with her hands on the sides of Hermione's cheeks and then pulled them away as she straightened her jacket, and swept a hand over her hair to place it back in order then she heard a chuckle.

"I knew you loved me," Hermione gloated. Narcissa smiled but then turned from her.

"Ah yes well. Shall we?" Narcissa said as she turned and tried to wipe some of the grit and grime off of her coat. Then she was spun

around and "It was warm. Soft and warm. It was soft and warm and sweet. She was she had no words other than she was claimed. Her heart, gut, and mind blew as if they were Reducto'd out of existence and when Hermione pulled her closer she felt her existence blaze as if she witness a supernova in the telescope in the astronomy tower. Hermione pulled away and before she opened her eyes she placed a hand to her cheek and straightened her coat and cleared her throat.

"Yes well," Narcissa began before Hermione shushed her and her eyes opened.

"I believe I found the answer to my question Ms. Black," Hermione confirmed then Narcissa blinked.

"Are you sure you were not a Slytherin in another life," Narcissa joked then turned and offered the woman her arm. She reveled in Hermione's laughter.

"No, but I have always been cunning," Hermione joked back then looked at Narcissa, "How long this," she motioned between the two of them, "A possibility."

"I thought you were a rule following light witch?" Narcissa joked as they began to speed out of the chamber to find Harry. Hermione smiled.

"I guess I wished for a little bit of dark with in me," Hermione laughed as Narcissa's right eyebrow raised at her words. Narcissa cleared her throat and knew there was a blush on her cheeks. She internally scolded herself for feeling as if she was transported back to Hogwarts as a blushing teen. She turned and sped up her stride flustered.

"Ah yes, well. Remember. I hate you right now. But one day there will be a witch that you know hated you come up to you in a restaurant and ask to join you for lunch. Please, in the future, take it easy on me, and then you will one day find out the answer to that question," Narcissa smiled at the possibilities for the future and then climbed the steps to the old girls bath room. She knew Hermione would remember everything that happened to her. She knew her little witch would drive herself insane as she tried not to search for her.

They found Harry and Ron with the diadem and then plunged the fang into the jeweled head dress. They looked singed, and filthy and it was then that Harry and Ron had saved Draco. She almost flew at him and hugged him to pieces. Another wail of screaming and then hurricane force winds blasted through the hall. Narcissa held another fang in her hand. She knew if she did what she planned next she would change lives. Make those around them live after this debacle. She looked at Hermione when she heard the Dark Lord's voice filter into their minds. She watched as Harry Potter listened frightened like a little boy. She looked to Hermione and the girl nodded as if she knew what she was thinking. She led the boys out of the school, she placed the glamor back over her face as they found a place where there were no people. Narcissa called for Dobby.

"Can you do what I asked you to do earlier? You can suspend it in midair?" Narcissa bent and knelt in front of the House elf. The house elf nodded and then Narcissa nodded back and thanked the house elf.

Narcissa handed Ron, Harry, and Hermione a fang each.

"Once it arrives stand away ill distract it. Use a homing spell to launch the fangs at the snake and then stand back," Narcissa instructed. It was then that the snake popped out of nowhere. The children jumped out of the way and then Narcissa distracted it while they launched the fangs at the snake. There was a scream in the hall but then silence as the snake died. The screams were worse than the last time and then a howl of pain. Narcissa walked to the boy exhausted. Then she watched his face. He was listening to the dark lord one more time. When he came to he had the look of a man on a suicide mission. Hermione and Ron hovered and Narcissa wanted to give them space. The world spun. And teetered, then went black. She hit the floor. She sighed when she felt arms hold her to her chest, and then opened her eyes. There above her was Hermione's crying face. Narcissa placed a hand on her cheek. Her own fingers bloody from Nagini's bite.

"Don't cry, you are far too gorgeous to cry, my love," Narcissa weakly whispered. Hermione's sobs grew in intensity. She looked to Ron and made him call for her bag. She never wrote about it, never told anyone but she summoned phoenix tears and poured a drop on the opening. Hermione heard the scream but she hoped it wasn't her. Narcissa reached for her and she whispered into the girls ear. She knew she had to fix it.

It was with a heavy heart that Hermione let her go.

5. Chapter 5

Hey Everyone,

I wanted to thank you all for the wonderful words. I think they made me want to write this and get the chapters to you as soon as possible. I do agree with on reviewer that the snake battle seemed rushed. I apologize for that, but I like it. Sorry. Out adventure has come to an end, and again I wanted to thank you all for supporting me on this. I had a blast writing it and I hope to find the creative willpower to write another Narcissa and Hermione fanfic soon. I hope you enjoy.

Thanks,
>Snow<p>

* * *

><p>When she woke the world tilted and her stomach flipped. Chills wracked her body and the dampness on her brow worried her. She slowly opened her eyes and looked around. There was a small candle lit in the corner and a fire in the fireplace. She sat up ever so slowly and threw her feet over the bed and groaned as the world spun for a moment. What did she remember? Flashes. Hermione, lips, that horrible wave, the damn snake, and then pain. How did she end up here? When was here? Narcissa gingerly stepped out of bed and walked toward her desk looking for a calendar. She sifted through her desk, and then she moved papers on top then choked. It was a week after her death. Oh god. Then her mind spun. She hit the floor with a scream as she held her head with her hands.<p>

Images, upon images blurred by and mixed with her memories. She stood quickly and flew to the loo. Anything she had been eating ended up in the bottom of the toilet. She flushed and then stood brushing her teeth. She looked into the mirror and paused as wave of memories hit. Bodies, hands, lips, and heat. Massive amounts of heat. Narcissa clutched her chest as she felt her body yearn for her touch. Narcissa slowly walked back into her room. She looked around and noticed it wasn't HER room. It was a room she didn't recognize until those heated images came through her thoughts. She walked to the desk and ran her fingers over the wood. It was her desk, but not her room. She walked to the window and looked out and inhaled deeply. There was a vast garden on lands with no fences. Not one home, not one building in sight. She inhaled once more and fell into the scent of lilacs, lavender, and gardenia. She went to the wardrobe and put on elegant black pants, a silk blouse, and a pair of elegant flats. She would likely die as she fell flat out if she wore heels.

The home was small but beautiful. There were paintings of seascapes, and cityscapes. The furniture was bold yet elegant in a deep green. The walls were painted cream. She lived here, she knew that but laughter was heard from the back of the house. She cut through a well-used kitchen. Painted in deep reds, with counter tops in a rare deep green granite. Narcissa gulped and prayed. Her memories had not completely messed together. There it was again. That rich laughter followed by a sound she had known for over twenty years.

Narcissa pushed open the door and put her hand up to block the sun. The glare was horrid and penetrated the back of her blue eyes. She grimaced and then heard the sound of a chair scrap stone as someone stood.

"Mother," spoke Draco as he stood and greeted his mother concerned, "What are you doing up?" he rushed to her and sat her down at the table fussing over her like a mother hen. Narcissa shooed him away as the sun continued to blind her. Then she heard a small voice as someone pushed something into her hands.

"Here these will help," Narcissa tried to listen but the light hurt and as she slipped the sunglasses over her eyes she adjusted. She thanked the person and then saw for the first time in her life love. She looked at the girl, no young woman before her and could not for the life of her pull her eyes away from the glorious site. Hermione was older as if she had more years than when she died and Narcissa stopped breathing.

"What happened?" The older woman whispered as she reached for Hermione. Hermione let a slow smile spread over her lips as she looked to Draco and he nodded and reached for her holding her hand. Narcissa pulled her hand back and placed then in her lap so that the young woman wouldn't see her fidget.

"What do you remember?" Hermione asked as she clutched Draco's hand. Narcissa sighed as she eyed their hands from behind her sun glasses. She swallowed and then held her shoulders high. She became taught like a bow string as she used every bit of her pure blood training to put forth the icy facade she cultivated over her life time.

"I am having glimmers and flashes of memories," Narcissa flatly stated. She watched Draco sit back in his chair and then let go of Hermione's hand. The way she clutched at his hand, it was as if he

was her life line, and everything she had in the world. That connection was strong and she would not destroy that. Her son deserved the best, and the best was sitting right in front of her, in a light yellow sundress, and her sun streaked brown hair falling out of a loose ponytail as the breeze picked up the tresses. Narcissa felt sick to her stomach. And she worried she would embarrass herself in front of the one person she loved more than anything, and in some respects even more than her son. She excused herself and went back into the house. She sat on a stool as she placed the sunglasses on the counter. She barely looked up as she heard the back door open. She straightened her back as she felt the love of her life come closer to her. Hermione sat on a stool next to her. Narcissa almost moaned as she inhaled Hermione's fragrance. After everything, the horcruxes, confession, the fucking snake that actually bit her as she tried to save the life of the woman before her to save all of Wizarding Britain.

"I remember a long time ago a particularly mysterious, angelic creature, telling of two cowardly people. One Slytherin, one Gryffindor," Hermione paused waiting for a response and didn't get one. She hung her head lowly as she sighed. It hurt Narcissa that such a defeated sigh could escape her lips.

"What about them, little witch," Narcissa asked as she lifted her lips only slightly into a small painful smile. Hermione's eyes darted up.

"You have not called me that sinceâ€¦" Hermione's eyes drew wide and Narcissa could see specs of light brown freckle her deep brown irises. Narcissa looked out the window to a beautiful day. She felt her hand enclosed in a warm strong grasp. "It's you," she whispered afraid that Narcissa was tumble back into the old Narcissa before the time jump. Narcissa pulled her hand from Hermione's.

"I won't hurt my son, Hermione. You two seem to be close. I wish you both all my love for your happiness," Narcissa sadly smiled as she patted Hermione's hand and turned to retreat.

"I wish to be a brave a courageous Gryffindor, asking a cunning Slytherin, to alter the parameters of our relationship," Hermione shouted at Narcissa's back. She stopped. She shifted all of her weight to the balls of her feet and held her head high and her shoulders back. Then she turned, and saw Hermione's passion. Then memories. Surge upon surge of memories crashed upon her. She lifted her fingers to her lips, lips that had been taken by the woman before her. She lifted a hand to her chest, a chest that had been devoured by the woman before her. She reached out a hand to the woman that captured her.

"It is you," Narcissa whispered. Hermione smiled as she slowly reached out for Narcissa's hand. Then as the tips of their fingers, then palms connected they flew at each other. Narcissa showered Hermione with small kisses on her head, her brow, her cheeks, eyes, and nose. She cupped Hermione's face in her hands. She pulled back only a moment as she pressed her forehead to Hermione's.

"What about Draco, my love?" Narcissa asked still torn between the duty of a mother, and the passion of a lover. Hermione placed her hand on Narcissa's that remained warm on her cheek.

"I waited as you asked and it killed me. Merlin, I wanted to find you. I wanted to rush to you and make you mine, but I did not. I waited for you. When you walked up to me, and we had out Tuesday and Thursday tea, Draco asked me if I knew. I wanted to deny him, but as you said before, timeline be damned. I told him everything. Then just as I was supposed to die, you deteriorated as we spent our first night together. Then you forgot," Hermione stopped as Narcissa wiped away her tears. Narcissa wrapped her arms about her shoulders and Hermione shook, "Then you forgot me entirely, resorted to calling me a Mudblood."

Narcissa threw her arms around Hermione's waist. She slipped down the woman's waist and hugged her from her knees. She was on her knees as she pleading, scrapping, and bowing for forgiveness. She shed waves of tears for her lover, and for the horrible way she treated her. She felt Hermione drop in her arms and take her lips. She let her devour them as she hungered for her lover's lips in return.

"I do," murmured Narcissa against rose lips. Hermione pulled away and looked to Narcissa, and cocked her head questioning. "I always have," Narcissa said as she caressed Hermione's face as if to imprint every rise, and dip and slope of the woman's face under her fingers.

"I do love you," Narcissa whispered as she pulled Hermione to her in a hug so tight she refused to let go. Never again would she let go. When both women went through their memories, and smiled each time they looked in to the others eyes.

"How did you remain alive and how did you make Harry Potter take a different path to being a dark lord? I am still regaining my memories."

"Oh that was easy. I began to walk around with a permanent shield that can with stand a Reducto from Ginny Weasley, now Potter. A simple bomb would hurt and cause damage, but I could survive. But it was then on the bridge when Harry repaired his wand by the elder wand that we all swore on our magic to never become a dark lord, fight for the people, and stand for a common greater good." Hermione smiled at Narcissa at her last few words, "No my love, not Dumbledore's greater good, but a greater good brought about by a system of voices, and representatives, elected officials."

Narcissa looked toward the girl and smiled. What a brilliantly Slytherin pact to make with a probable dark lord. She reached for Hermione as she stood and then looked at the door as it opened. Draco popped his head in and then smiled. He came to his mother and stood from her almost shy.

"Are you back?" He asked but judging by Hermione's look that was a question already answered. Draco kissed Hermione on the cheek, and hugged his mother. Then left to his wife Astoria to give her the good news in person. Hermione grasped Narcissa's hand and pulled her after her. They climbed the stairs and went to the room Narcissa woke up in. Narcissa now knew it was not her room but theirs. Not her bed but theirs. Hermione pulled the older woman to her and gently kissed her lips.

"I have wanted you for so long, I have wanted this for so long," Narcissa purred with her eyes closed.

"Oh, and since when love?" chuckled Hermione. She knew the effects of time travel and knew she would need to adjust. Narcissa looked back from her with eyes filled with love and passion.

"Since before I visited a world I once knew beloved, since before then," Narcissa took Hermione's lips. It was later that night that both women were able to appreciate everything about the other. No fear, no time lines. Just them. Just forever and for always.

* * *

><p>Ok guys, Thanks for supporting this little story. Loose ends... none with these two, but yes Snape lived. What happens to him? I don't know but that's a story I don't think I can write at the moment, but I would like to think that he is celebrated as a hero.<p>

Happy Story hunting my friends.

~Snow

End
file.